

Mountain Sentinel.

"WE GO WHERE DEMOCRATIC PRINCIPLES POINT THE WAY;—WHEN THEY CEASE TO LEAD, WE CEASE TO FOLLOW."

BY JOHN G. GIVEN.]

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The Three Callers.

BY CHARLES SWAINE.

Morn calleth fondly to a fair boy straying
Mid golden meadows, rich with clover dew;
She calls—but he still thinks of nought, save
playing!

And so she smiles and waves him an adieu!
Whilst he still merrily with his flowery store,
Deems not that Morn! sweet Morn! returns no
more,

Noon cometh—but the boy to manhood grow-
ing,
Heeds not the time—he sees but one sweet
form,

One young fair face, from bower of jessamine
growing,
And all his loving heart with bliss is warm—
So Noon, unnoticed seeks the western shore,
And man forgets that Noon returns no more.

Night tappeth gently at a casement gleaming
With the thin fire-light flickering faint and low;
By which a gray-haired man is sadly dreaming
O'er pleasures gone—as all Life's pleasures
go.

Night calls him to her—and he leaves his door
Silent and dark—and he returns no more.

MISCELLANEOUS.

From Graham's Magazine.

The Curtain Lifter.

Or Professions—Practical and Theoretical.

BY MRS CAROLINE H. BUTLER.

CHAPTER I.

The Deacon.

Everybody called Mr. Humphreys a good man. To have found any fault with the deacon would have been to impugn the church itself, whose most firm pillar he stood. No one stopped to analyze his goodness—it was enough that in all outward semblance, in the whole putting together of the outward man, there was a conformity of sanctity; that is, he read his Bible—held family prayers night and morning—preached long homilies to the young—gave in the causes of the heathen, and was, moreover, of a grave and solemn aspect, seldom given to the folly of laughter.

All this and more did good Deacon Humphreys—and yet one thing he lacked viz: the sweet spirit of charity. I mean not that oppressed the widow, or robbed the orphan of bread; no, not this it was the cold unforgiving spirit with which he looked upon the errors of his fellow man—the iron hand with which he thrust far from him the offender, which betrayed the want of that charity, "which rejecteth not in iniquity, suffereth long, and is kind."

He was also pertinaciously sectarian. No other path than the one in which he walked could lead to eternal life. No matter the sect, so that they differed from him, it was enough—they were outlawed from the gates of Heaven. Ah! had the deacon shared more the spirit of our blessed Saviour, in whose name he offered up his prayers, then, indeed, might he have been entitled to the Christian character he professed.

Mrs. Humphreys partook largely of her husband's views. She, too, was irreproachable in her daily walks, and her household presented a rare combination of order and neatness. The six day's work was done and done faithfully, and the seventh cared for, ere the going down of the Saturday's sun, which always left her house in order—her rooms newly swept and garnished—the stockings mended—the clean clothes laid out for Sabbath wear, while in the kitchen pantry, a joint of cold meat, or a relay of pies, was provided, that she might not labor for the creature comforts for the morrow. As the last rays of the sun disappeared from hill and valley, the doors of the house were closed—the blinds pulled down—the well-polished mahogany stand, drawn from its upright position in the corner of the sitting-room, which it occupied from Monday morning until the coming of the Saturday night—the great family Bible placed thereon, while with countenance of corresponding gravity, and well balanced spectacles, the deacon and his wife read from its holy pages.

Thus in all those outward observances of piety, whereon the great eyes of the great world are staring, I have shown that the deacon and his good wife might challenge the closest scrutiny. Nor would it be understood to detract aught from these observances, or throw down one stone from the altars of our Puritan fathers. We need all the legacy they left their children. The force of good example is as boundless as the tares of sin—let us relax nothing which may tend to check the evil growth—and who shall say that the upright walk of Deacon Humphreys was without a salutary influence.

But it is with the inner man we have to

do. The fairest apples are sometimes defective at the core.

CHAPTER II.

Grassmere and its Inhabitants.

Grassmere was a quiet out-of-the-way village, huddled in close by grand mountains, and watered by sparkling rivulets and cascades, which came leaping down the hill sides like frolicsome Naiads and then with a murmur as sweet as the songs of childhood, ran off to play bo-peep with the blue heavens amid the deep clover fields, or through banks sprinkled with nodding wild-flowers.

A tempting retreat was Grassmere to the weary man of business, whose days had been passed within the brick and mortar walks of life, and whom the fresh air, and the green grass, and the waiving woods were but as a page of delicious poetry snatched at idle hours. Free from the turmoil and vexations of the city, how pleasant to tread down the hill of life, surrounded by such peaceful influences as smiled upon the inhabitants of Grassmere, and several beautiful cottages nestling in the valley, or dotting the hill, attested that some fortunate man of wealth had here cast lose the burthen of the day, to repose in the quiet of nature.

Although our story bears but slightly save upon three or four of the three thousand inhabitants of Grassmere, I will state that a variety of religious opinions had for several years been gradually creeping into this primitive town, and that where a single church received the inhabitants within one faith, there were now four houses of worship, all embracing different tenets.—But the deacon walked heavenward his own path, shaking his skirts free from all contamination with other sects, whom, indeed, he looked upon as little better than heathens.

The pastor of the church claiming so zealous a member, was a man eminent for his christian benevolence. His was not the piety which exhausted itself in words—heart and soul did not labor to do his Master's will, and far from embracing the rigid views of the worthy Deacon Humphreys, he wore the garb of charity for all and in his great good heart, loved all.

He had one son, who at the period from which my story dates, was pursuing his collegiate course at one of the most popular institutions, and in his own mind the deacon had determined that Hubert Fairlee should become the husband of his only daughter Naomi. In another month Hubert was to pass his vacations at Grassmere, and Naomi looked forward to the meeting with unfeigned pleasure. They had been playmates in childhood, companions in riper years; but love had nothing to do with their regard for each other, yet the deacon could not conceive, how friendship alone should unite them. At any rate Naomi must be the wife of Hubert—that was as set as his Sunday face!

The deacon was a man well off in worldly matters. He owned a large highly cultivated farm on which he lived, as also several snug houses within the village, which rented at good rates. But the little cottage at Silver-Fall was untenanted. Through the inability of its former occupant to pay rent, it had returned upon the hands of the deacon, and although one of the most delightful residences for miles around, had now been for several months without a tenant.

A charming spot was Silver-Fall, with its little dwelling half hidden by climbing roses and shadowy maples. Smooth as velvet was the lawn, with here and there a cluster of blue violets clinging timidly together, and hemmed by a silvery thread of bright laughing water, which within a few rods of the cottage door, suddenly leaped over a bed of rocks some twenty feet high, into the valley below. This gave it the name of Silver-Fall Cottage—all too enticing a spot it would seem to remain long unoccupied. Yet the snows of winter yielded to the gentle breath of spring, the bright fruits of summer already decked the hedgerows and the thicket, ere a tenant could be found, and there came a letter to Mr. Humphreys from a widow lady living in a distant city requiring the terms on which he would lease his pretty cottage.

They were favorable, it would seem, to her views, and in due time Mrs. Norton, her daughter Grace, and two female domestics, arrived at Silver-Fall.

CHAPTER III.

One Fold of the Curtain Drawn Back.

A new comer in a country village is always sure to elicit more or less curiosity and Mrs. Norton did not escape without her due share from the inhabitants of Grassmere. With telegraph speed it was found out that she was a lady between thirty and forty years of age, dressed in bombazine and wore close mourning caps. Miss Norton was talked of as a slender fair girl, with blue eyes and long flowing

curls, and might be seventeen; perhaps twenty—of course they could not be strictly accurate in this matter.

Bales of India matting were unrolled in the dooryard—crates of beautiful China unpacked in the piazza—sofas and chairs crept out from their rough traveling cases, displaying all the beauty of rosewood and damask, until finally by aid of all these means and appliances to boot Mrs. Norton and her daughter were pronounced very genteel—but—

"But I wonder what they are!" said Mrs. Humphreys to the deacon, as talking over these secular matters she handed him his second cup of coffee.

Not that the old lady had any doubt of their being bona fide flesh and blood; neither did she believe they were witches or fairies who had taken up their abode at Silver-Fall. "I wonder what they are!" must therefore be interpreted as "I wonder what church they attend," or "what creed they profess."

The deacon shook his head and looked solemn.

"It is to be hoped," continued Mrs. Humphreys, complacently stirring the coffee, "that at her period of life Mrs. Norton may be a professor of some kind."

The deacon dropped his knife and fork—he was shocked—astounded.

"I am surprised to hear you speak thus lightly, Mrs. Humphreys—a professor of some kind! Is it not better that she should rest in her sins, than to be walking in the footsteps of error—a professor of some kind! Wife—wife—you forget yourself!" exclaimed the deacon.

"I spoke thoughtlessly, I acknowledge," answered Mrs. Humphreys, much confused at the stern rebuke of her husband. "I meant to say, I hoped she had found a pardon for her sins."

"Have you forgotten that you are a parent?" continued the deacon, solemnly.—"Can you suffer the ears of your daughter to drink in such poison! A professor of some kind! Naomi, my child! placing 'his hand on the sunny head before him, beware how you listen to such doctrine; there is but one true faith—there is but one by which you can be saved. Go to your chamber, and pray you may not be led into error through your mother's words of folly!"

But there were others at Grassmere more anxiously wondering, like good Mrs. Humphreys, "what they were," ere they so far committed themselves as to call upon the strangers. Sunday, however, was close at hand; Mrs. Norton's choice of a church was to determine them the choice of her acquaintance.

Does the reader think the inhabitants of Grassmere peculiar? I think not. There are very many just such people not a hundred rods from our own doors. Unfortunately, on Sunday the rain poured down in torrents. Nothing less impressive than strong cowhide boots—India-rubber overcoats, and thick cotton umbrellas, could go to meeting, consequently, Mrs. Norton staid at home, and on Monday afternoon, after the washing was done, and the deacon had turned the well saturated hay, Mrs. Humphreys put on her black silk gown and mantilla, her plain straw bonnet, with white trimmings, and walked over with her husband to Silver Fall cottage. As the widow rented her house of them, they could not in decency, they reasoned, longer defer calling upon her.

A glance within the cottage would convince any one that Mrs. Norton and Grace were at least persons of refinement—for there is as much character displayed in the arrangement of a room as in the choice of a book.

Cream colored mattings, and window curtains of transparent lace, relieved by hangings of pale sea green silk, imparted a look of delicious coolness to the apartment. There was no display of gaudy furniture, as if a cabinet warehouse had been taken on speculation—yet there was enough for comfort and even elegance; nor was there any over exhibition of paintings—a few of Cole's beautiful landscapes, and a few other gems of native talent were all; nor were the tables freighted as the counter of a toy shop; the only ornament of each was a beautiful vase of Bohemian glass, filled with fresh garden flowers, whose tasteful arrangement even fairy hands could not have rivaled.

The few moments they were awaiting the entrance of Mrs. Norton were employed by Mrs. Humphreys in taking a rapid survey of all these surroundings, the result of which was to impress her with a sort of awe for the mistress of this little realm.

"My stars!" said she, casting her eyes to the right and left, half rising from the luxurious couch to peep into one corner, and almost breaking her neck to look into another, "my stars, deacon if this don't beat all I ever did see!"

But the deacon, with an air worthy of a funeral, shook his head, closed his eyes, and muttered,

"Vanity—vanity!"

The door opened, and Grace gliding in sweetly apologized for her mother, whom a violent headache detained in her apartment.

"Well I do wish I knew what they were!" exclaimed Mrs. Humphreys, as she took the deacon's arm and plodded thoughtfully homeward.

Then going to a dark cupboard under the stairs, she rumaged for some time among the jars and gallipots, and finally producing one marked "Raspberry Jam," she told Naomi to put on her Sunday bonnet, and carry it to the cottage, and—

"Naomi, you may just as well ask Grace Norton what meeting she goes to."

Delighted to make the acquaintance of Grace, Naomi threw on her bonnet and tripped lightly to the cottage, thinking little, we fear, of her mother's last charge.—At any rate it was omitted, and so the night cap of Mrs. Humphreys again threw its broad falling over an unsatisfied brow.

In the morning the deacon received a very neat note from Mrs. Norton, requesting to see him upon business.

"And now, my dear sir," said she, after the common courtesies of the day were passed, "I have taken the liberty to send for you to transact a little business for me. If not to great a tax upon your time, will you purchase a pew for me?"

The deacon grimly smiled, and rubbing his knee, replied:

"Why, yes, Mrs. Norton, I shall be glad to attend to the matter. True it is a busy season with us farmers, but the Lord forbid I should therefore neglect his business."

"Do you think you could procure me one?" asked Mrs. Norton.

"Oh, I reckon so, for I am certain there are several pews now to be let or sold either."

"And what price, Mr. Humphreys?"

"Well, I guess about sixty dollars; and now I recollect Squire Bryce wants to sell his—it is right alongside of mine, and I reckon my pew is as good for hearing the word as any in the meeting-house. I am glad, I do rejoice to find you a true believer."

"You mistake my church, I see," said Mrs. Norton, smiling, "I belong to a different denomination from the one of which as I am aware you are a professor."

"Then," cried the deacon, rising hastily and making for the door, "excuse me—I know nothing of any other church or its pews. I cannot be the means of seating you where false doctrines are preached! I—good morning ma'am."

The widow sighed as the gate slammed after her visitor, but Grace burst into a merry fit of laughter.

"How ridiculous!" she exclaimed; "was there ever such absurdity!"

"Hush, hush, my dear child," said Mrs. Norton, "Mr. Humphreys without doubt perfectly conscientious in this matter—we may pity, but not condemn such zeal in the cause of religion."

"Do you call bigotry, religion, mamma?" asked Grace.

"A person may be a very good Christian, Grace, and yet be very much of a bigot," answered her mother. "That such a spirit as Mr. Humphreys has just now shown may often be productive of more evil than good, I allow. His aim is to do good, but he adopts the wrong measures."

"Why, mamma, one would have judged from his manner that we are infidels!" said Grace.

"Oh no, my child, he did not really think that," replied Mrs. Norton, smiling at her earnestness. "He only felt shocked at what he deems our error—for he sincerely believes there can be no safety in any other creed than his own. Without the charity therefore to think there may be good in all sects, and lacking the desire to study the subject, or rather so much wedded to his belief that he would deem it almost a sin to do so, like an unjust judge, he condemns without a hearing. There are too many such mistaken zealots in every creed of worship. O, my dear child," continued Mrs. Norton, her fine eyes bathed in tears, "would that members of every sect might unite in love and charity to one another! They are all aiming alike to love and serve Christ, and yet take no heed to his commandment, 'Love ye one another!'"

"Well, mamma, for the sake of his sweet daughter," Naomi, I can forgive the good deacon. I have never seen a more interesting face than hers, and her manners are so graceful and lady-like as if she had never seen the country," said Grace.

"And most probably a great deal more so, my love," replied Mrs. Norton, "for nature can add a grace which courts cannot give. But I agree with you in thinking Miss Humphreys interesting; she is, indeed so, and if her countenance prove an index of her mind, I think you may promise yourself a pleasing companion."

But the deacon, it seems, was of a different way of thinking, and no sooner did

he enter under his own roof, place his hat on a peg behind the door, then going into the kitchen where the good wife was busily employed preparing the noon day meal, assisted by Naomi, he made known with serious countenance that he had discovered what they were at Silver Fall cottage!

Of course Miss Norton was not such a companion as she would choose for Naomi. True, she was a pretty girl, and Mrs. Norton was a lady of faultless manners; but then so much the more danger, and therefore Naomi, though not forbidden, was admonished to beware of their new acquaintance.

Concluded in our next.

An Apology.

When John Clark (Lord Eldon) was at the bar, he was remarkable for the sang froid with which he treated the judges.—On one occasion, a junior counsel, on hearing their lordships give judgment against his client, exclaimed that he was surprised at such a decision! This was construed into contempt of court, and he was ordered to attend at the bar next morning. Fearful of the consequence, he consulted his friend John Clark, who told him to be perfectly at ease, for he would apologize for him in a way that would avert any unpleasant result. Accordingly, when the name of the delinquent was called, John rose and coolly addressed the assembled tribunal: "I am very sorry, my lords, that my young friend has so far forgot himself as to treat your honorable bench with disrespect; he is extremely penitent, and you will hardly ascribe his unintentional insult to his ignorance. You must see at once that it did originate in that. He said he was surprised at the decision of your lordships! Now if he had not been very ignorant of what takes place at this court every day, had he known you but half so long as I have, he would not be surprised at anything you did!"

Dandies.

They are mere walking sticks for female flirts, ornamented with brass heads, and barely touched with the varnish of etiquette. Brass heads did I say? Nay their caputs are only half-ripe muskmelons with monstrous thick rinds, all hollow inside, containing the seed of foolishness, swimming about with a vast quantity of sap. Their moral garments are double-breasted coat of vanity, padded with the silk of self-complacency; their apparel is all in keeping, and is imported fresh from the devil's wholesale and retail clothing establishment. Tinkered up with broad cloth, finger rings, safety chains, soft-soldier, vanity and impudence, they are no more gentlemen than a plated spoon is silver. I detest a dandy as a cat does a wet floor. There are some fools in this world who, after a long incubation, will hatch out from the hot-bed of pride a sickly brood of furzy ideas, and then go strutting along in the path of pomposity with all the self-importance of a speckled-hen with a black-chicken. I have an antipathy to such people.

A Bill of Particulars.

The following is a bill of items lately introduced in the trial of a breach of promise case, before a court in New Hampshire by the fair plaintiff. It may serve as a model for some of our lady readers, who propose introducing similar suits against their faithless lovers:

Mr. Eliphabet	Dr.
To Miss Jehilab	
To dancing three cotillions, on first acquaintance.	\$15.00
To value of three sighs and one dream that night.	250.00
To thinking of the color of his eyes one day at church.	484.00
To going to the races after refusing six other beaux.	525.00
To cutting three fine fellows to please him.	93.00
To making a watch chain.	120.00
To cost of materials for the same—6 bits.	75.00
To five romps and two flirtations.	144.00
To tearing gown and bursting a stocking in staid romps.	7.31
To one kiss, stolen.	125.00
To allow him to kiss my cheek ten times without minding, \$11 each.	110.00
To long walk by moonlight, including sentiment lost.	270.00
To thirty blushes when he popped the question.	600.00
To my heart, alas!	1.94

"Mary, my dear, I cannot comprehend why you should persist in spending your afternoons in Jenks' apartments."

"Quite likely, my love, there are a great many things above your comprehension." Here Mrs. Smith quietly closed the door, and allowed her duck to cypher it out.

Candor and Dignity.

Several gentlemen in company of Lord Bolingbroke were speaking of the avarice of the Duke of Marlborough, and they appealed to his Lordship for the truth of the instances which they adduced.

"He is so great a man," replied Lord Bolingbroke, "that I have forgotten his vices." A truly generous answer for a political enemy to make.

Popping the Question.

A young school miss, whose teacher had taught her that two negatives were equivalent to an affirmative, on being asked by a suitor, for her assent to marry him, replied, "No, no."

The swain looked astonished and bewildered—she referred him to Murray, when, for the first time, he learned that no meant yes!

"Your father would not have punished you, my child, if you had not used profane language and swore."

"Well, father swears."

"I know he has been in the habit of it, but he leaves off now."

"It's a pity he hadn't done it before he taught Bill and me to swear, and then we should have been saved many darn'd hickens."

GOOD DISTINCTION.—Relief ought to be confined as much as possible to the infirm and helpless. Wages, by means of which improvements are carried on, should be given by preference to the able-bodied and vigorous. Relief ought to be on the lowest scale necessary for subsistence.—Wages should be sufficiently liberal to secure the best exertions of the laborer. Relief should be made so unattractive as to furnish no motive to ask for it, except in the absence of every other means of subsistence.

The Boston Post says: It was decided a few days ago in Baltimore by a board of arbitrators that a sow and her litter of pigs are included in the phrase "household furniture."

The Isthmus was bare of passengers for California on the 2nd inst. and vessels were awaiting at Panama the arrival of others. The steamer Oregon took the last, including the editor of the Panama Star. So that paper is defunct.

The French minister according to a Washington letter, had just furnished his house when the note of dismissal was received. The elegant new furniture is to be sold at auction.

A company of recruits from Providence on their way to New York, seized a demijohn, of brandy, as they supposed, and partook of it. It proved to be camphire. One of them soon died, and six others were in a dangerous state.

A really honorable man, says the Boston Post, is not made any more so by prefixing the letters "Hon." to his name; but the Hon. Truman Smith should insist upon the title in all cases.

"Prince of Wales and Earl of Dublin," is now the title of Queen Victoria's eldest boy. Pity he has not a title to some public respect, for a fair share of intellect.

The two most precious things on this side of the grave are reputation and life—yet the most contemptible whisper may deprive us of one, and the meanest weapon of the other.

Punch has seen with alarm 'ladies vests' advertised in the newspapers. This gradual invasion of male attire by the other sex ought to be looked to. Punch says they have already stolen our palatots, they now seize upon vests. Gracious goodness what will they not take next! What will be left us?

A lady friend thought that she should avoid a certain dry goods store, because they advertised undressed linen.

Mr. Bancroft, our late Minister to England, has purchased a magnificent mansion on Gramercy Park, in the upper part of New York city.

The Ladies of Peterboro', N. H., have organized a lodge known as Monadnock Lodge, No. 1, of the Independent Order of Odd Ladies. They will ride the goat sideways, of course.

We learn from the Lexington (Ky.) Atlas that Mr. Clay reached home from his Northern trip, on the night of the 18th inst. His health is very materially improved.

Another mammoth cave has been discovered in Kentucky, about twelve miles distant from the celebrated one. It has already been penetrated five miles, where it was still extending, and it will probably prove the largest cave in the world.